the Campagna an early star or two, shining brightly, came out.

"Elmer!"

"Frankie!"

The noise of Via del Babuino drifted up to them, thin and muffled and far away.

"What is it, deary?"

"Isn't that the Pantheon, the round dome with the flat top, just beside the Madaina Palace?"

"Confound that old Pantheon! Kiss me, angel!"

She raised her head slowly, pouting up the curved ruddiness of her lips. Then she hesitated. "But just one!" she said sternly.

Again there was silence, and more stars came out over the Campagna.

Then she gazed out over the twilight city of bells and domes and spires, as the dusk grew deeper about them. "Ah, Rome!" she said, with a happy little sigh. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Glorious, isn't it?" he said contentedly, as they leaned on the stone balustrade side by side.

And they sighed companionably, and were silent once more.

Their Fishing Companion

TWO little Southern boys, who were brought to Washington early in 1872, having tired of city sights, used to wander down to a pool in the meadows near the then unfinished Washington Monument and fish for the minnows that swam about.

A short man with a grayish beard, stooping slightly, used to join them—at first only occasionally, but in time so often that the lads came to expect him, and became friendly, as children will with persons much older. On one occasion the boys announced that the next day they were going to see the President, General Grant, ride in procession on his way to be inaugurated a second time.

They were much excited over it and eager to see the President. Their silent friend seemed interested, and learned that they and their parents would sit on a stand at a certain point of the route.

"Well, I'm going to see the procession myself," he said, with a queer smile; "and if I can, I'll try to see you," he said as he went away.

The next day the lads were in their places long before there was any need. After military and civic bodies had passed came an open carriage drawn by four horses, and in it sat the President. He was looking for something, seemingly, for he turned his head inquiringly, besides acknowledging the cheers of the onlookers. At last he seemed to have found what he wanted. He was looking right at the two fisherboys.

As for them, they were standing up, almost bursting with excitement.

"Father! Mother! Look! That's the man we go fishing with! Look! The man in the carriage with the four horses! Look!"

"But that's the President, boys!" protested the parents, horrified at the statement.

"We can't help it! That's the man we go fishing with!" the boys cried.

And they were right; for as his carriage passed their stand, President Grant waved his hand to the boys—a special wave to them—and bowed to their mother and father.

"Didn't we say so? There now!" cried the boys.

"It's President Grant," said their father.

"Well, it's the man that we go fishing with, even if it is the President."

And it was.

A PHILADELPHIA IDYL

By Aline S. Devin

THERE was no doubt that Joseph the impregnable, Joseph the loftily indifferent, had become Joseph the subdued, Joseph the devoted. The astounding fact was patent to his whole family, from his mother, who hitherto had been the only woman whom Joseph considered worthy of the least attention, to the tiny sister, whose excessive and exuberant affection had been lavished upon a tolerant rather than an appreciative brother.

Not the least amusing feature of the affair was the promptness, as well as the completeness, of Joseph's surrender. One look from a pair of soft blue eyes, just one glance, and the flag of his independence was hauled down; the gates of the citadel were flung wide open; and the whole garrison turned out with a riotous roll of the conquered drums, a joyous flaunting of the lowered colors, to do homage to the victor.

One Look From Soft Blue Eyes

Joseph's father openly rejoiced in his son's overthrow, promising himself much pleasure in watching the effect it would have in the development of his character.

His mother smiled, though perhaps a bit sadly, for the woman does not live who can be altogether cheerful when she realizes that she is no longer first in the heart of her son. She knows that this time must come, and she wishes for it (what true mother does not?), for that way, she feels, lies his greatest happiness. She dreads it (what wise mother must not?), for that way, she fears, may lie his greatest misery.

The small sister, keenly responsive to the parental moods and tenses, sometimes smiled and sometimes sighed as she saw Joseph disport himself in his new character.

The only person in the household who seemed sweetly and serenely unconscious that the atmosphere was charged with unusual emotions was the possessor of the blue eyes, herself the disturber of Joseph's peace, a young guest from the West who with her chaperon, an amiable and harmless relative, was making her first visit to Penn's historic city.

As I have said, the whole affair was merely another instance of "Veni, vidi, vici" on the part of this new-comer, the first revelation coming to Joseph's mother, to whom may as well be given here her other, though of course less important, name of Mrs. Deland, as she saw her son manœuvering to get the seat next to Alice at luncheon.

Yes, "Alice!" That was the sweet, soul-satisfying and altogether appropriate name borne by her of the blue eyes, and as Joseph sat opposite in the uncoveted seat to which his mother had deftly guided him, he fairly gloated over the pretty syllables as he directed his conversation to "Miss Alice," or called the maid's attention to the empty bowl or [illegible] of "Miss Alice." His whole soul had revolted at the thought of being compelled to address this lovely young creature by the surname which anyone might use, and so, pleading the friendship between their families as an excuse, he had early asked for and easily obtained the sweet privilege of using the less formal title.

To Joseph fell the delightful privilege of accompanying his mother's guests in their excursions to the different places of interest in and around the city of his birth, and since four is a much more convenient number to divide than three, Mrs. Deland was sometimes touched and flattered by her son's urgent entreaties that she should allow no other duties to interfere with that of giving them the pleasure of her company on these occasions.

His subsequent conduct, once the four were en route, might have enlightened any one but a mother. Happily for all concerned, however, these dear ones are seldom disposed to be carpingly critical, and the sound of Joseph's joyous voice as it occasionally floated to her from around the corner, or a glimpse of his happy face as he and Alice walked ahead or lingered behind, was enough to reconcile Mrs. Deland to a situation that produced such results. And when, as happened not infrequently, Joseph came and stood beside his mother for a moment, giving her hand a loving, confidential squeeze, the cup of the mother's contentment ran full to the overflowing.

Was there ever such an autumn before? Joseph thought not. Could such another ever come again? Joseph felt sure that all his seasons would be like this if only Alice shared them.

What dear, delightful drives they took! What long and interesting rambles! Sometimes they went through Fairmount's primly cared-for grounds; more often they chose the winding drives of the Wissahickon. At St. Peter's they left the amiable chaperon reverentially seated in Washington's old square pew while she indulged in a deep patriotic reverie, and Joseph led Alice out into the sunny graveyard, so strangely quiet amid the city's hubbub, and presented her to those men and women of his family whose privilege it was to take their last rest in these narrow precincts hallowed alike by time and fashion.

"My mother says," he told her, "that when they had to lay grandmother here, her one comfort was that she was in such good company and among people she had always known. Grandmother was born in Philadelphia, you know, and she used to say that her calling-list was so long already it made her tired to think of meeting any new people, and if she was buried in St. Peter's she wouldn't see a single strange face when she got up."

Alice smiled at this, as Joseph thought she would, and for the thousandth time he gazed entranced at the dimple that came and went in her left cheek and watched the fascinating upward turn of her mouth, a phenomenon which he believed to appertain exclusively to this gracious specimen of young womanhood. He had mentioned this peculiarity to his mother one evening, and had been deeply hurt and somewhat indignant when she said that to the best of her observation it was the usual thing for the lips to turn up at their corners when the owner of them smiled. Joseph had been too well brought up to dispute with his mother, but his private opinion remained unchanged.

What fun they had that day at Old Swedes Church, peeping at one another through the huge key-hole of the old sacristy! And after they had exhausted the rather limited resources of that venerable building, Alice and Joseph sat down on one of the lichen-covered stones in the ancient graveyard, Mrs. Deland and the chaperon thoughtfully preferring, they said, a dry bench just around the corner. And there and then Alice improvised a most thrilling romance, in which the great key-hole bore a conspicuous part, and when the hero and heroine had triumphantly emerged from innumerable perils, and had begun to "live happy forever after," Joseph assured the fair narrator that it was certainly the best story he ever heard.

In Carpenter's Hall it was pure joy to Joseph to follow Alice from room to room and from case to case. Not that he cared so much for these things himself, but her interest and pleasure in them was so keen that he felt a large-hearted tolerance, and even a species of gratitude, toward the whole collection, since it was ministering to her happiness.

In this world nothing endures and happiness is the most ephemeral of all things, and all too soon the final day of this most memorable visit arrived. The crucial moment came when, dinner being over, the family returned to the drawing-room. Upon pretense of watching for the carriage, Joseph had beguiled Alice to the window, and there on the broad cushioned seat, in the shadow of the heavy curtains, with the buzz of cheerful conversation going on before them, and all the possible mysteries of the dimly lighted streets behind them, his sorrow got the better of his judgment. One of Alice's slender hands lay on the cushion between them (why will girls leave such temptation in the way of ardent youth?). In another instant both of Joseph's closed over it (did his hopes deceive him, or was there indeed an answering pressure to his close grasp?), and in a voice that fairly broke under the weight he said, as he leaned gently toward her:

"Oh, Miss Alice!" Then with a manly disregard for conventionalities: "Oh, Alice! Do you think I can ever feel this way again?"

"Feel what way, Joseph?" Alice inquired softly.

"As if I wished to sit by your side always and hold your hand in mine," he replied.

And Alice, freeing the captive hand, put both her arms around Joseph, for she was seventeen and he was seven, and kissing him fondly said, while the corners of her charming mouth went up and that distracting dimple played hide and seek with itself: "I think it likely, dear little Joseph, that you will feel just this way many, many times."